



VOL. XX.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 26, 1852.

NO. 9.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.

In conversation with a friend, not long since, he observed that he had taught his hogs to root for and eat the tubers of the common Jerusalem artichoke, which he had growing on a lot of waste land, and that he found it not only an advantage to them as a matter of nutriment, but it kept them employed, and out of mischief. We have heard this last requirement highly recommended to certain hogs, but not to quadrupeds of this description. Our friend, however, says hogs are a thoughtful animal, and must either be kept so that they cannot move about much, or they should be kept busy about something useful to themselves or their owners, as they certainly would get into mischief.

We did not dispute the point with him. The moral qualities and characteristics of the hog we will not discuss now, the qualities of the artichoke being more of a practical subject. We have no doubt that the artichoke may be grown in some "waste places" where hogs "may congregate," and be profitable to them, but the hogs require a little training in order to get them to hunt for and eat them. They soon acquire a taste for them, and appear to love them.

These roots are not remarkable for nutritive properties. They are considered as a cooling and laxative food for cattle that are troubled with constiveness or an inflammatory condition of the bowels. The plant will grow luxuriantly in almost any situation, and although our season is not sufficiently long to mature its seed, it will propagate itself by means of its tubers, the smallest swell of the root seemingly containing vitality enough to make a crop sufficient in time to cover a whole farm.

There seems to be quite a large percentage of sugar or saccharine matter in this root, which, together with a little gummy matter, and some albumen, composes the most of its nutriment.

Bracegirdle, the chemist went through a careful analysis of this root, and from his tables we take the following as a list of the substances and their proportions, as he found them in 100 parts: Uncrystallized sugar, 14.80; Inulin, (vegetable extract), 3.00; Gum, 1.99; Albumen, .99; Fatty matter, .99; Citrate of potash and lime, 1.15; Phosphate of potash and lime, .99; Sulphate of potash, .99; Chloride of potassium, .99; Malates and tartrates of potash and lime, .99; Woody fibre, 1.32; Silica, .77; Water, 100.00.

Hogs, when confined in pens, will eat the leaves of the Jerusalem Artichoke, when thrown to them. Bousingault says, "There are few plants more hardy and so little nice about soils as the Jerusalem Artichoke. It succeeds everywhere, with the single condition that the ground be not wet." In regard to its productiveness he observes, "Of all the plants that engage the husbandman the Jerusalem Artichoke is that which produces the most at the least expense of manure and manual labor." Kade says that a square patch of Jerusalem Artichokes in a garden was still in productive vigor, at the end of thirty-three years, throwing out stems from seven to ten feet in length, although for a very long time the plant had neither received any care nor any manure.

For the Maine Farmer.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME. No. 4.

MR. EDITOR:—I am somewhat "in the fog," yet, but not lost in it in regard to phosphate of lime. Your notes upon my last number are a rich crop of information, for which, I doubt not, very many of your fifty thousand readers will thank you. The Hon. Reverend Johnson, it seems, purchased an exhausted farm, worn out by continual cropping with corn. In order to know how to restore it to fertility, he employed a chemist to analyze the soil, and tell him what was lacking. He did so, and in the analysis, as published, we find "Phosphorus, 0"—none. Phosphorus, or phosphoric acid, was all that was lacking to restore this land to fertility. The next question to the chemist was, of course, how can this deficiency be supplied? "He recommended a preparation composed of bi-phosphate of lime. This is obtained by dissolving bones in sulphuric acid," which is the same as plaster. (1.) This preparation was applied at a cost of ten dollars per acre; and the result was, twenty nine bushels of good wheat where only one peck of corn grew before. This account was published in all the papers in New England, to show the importance of chemical knowledge to the farmer. And Mr. Johnson is held up as a model for farmers to follow, and as being a very sensible man. Very well so far. Ten dollars was the cost per acre for the bones and sulphuric acid. The cost of bone dust at the Roxbury mills is 35 cents per bushel, and 15 cents would purchase, I suppose, the acid to dissolve them, so that the \$10 per acre would buy 20 bushels of the preparation.

In your notes to my first number, Mr. Editor, you say, "It has been calculated, by several chemists, that a bushel of bones (bone dust) will give as much phosphate of lime as is usually contained in the crop of wheat gathered from an acre of land." If, then, one bushel is sufficient, why apply twenty?—and still hold up the man who does it as a model for others? None but a rich man could sustain such a wasteful expenditure. Mr. Johnson is very rich, and can, without inconvenience, manure his land twenty years in advance.

But, admitting the application of bone dust and sulphuric acid was the best means to furnish phosphate of lime to Mr. Johnson's land, does it follow that the Maine farmer should pursue the

same course? I think not. In the Southern States, their plantations are large, while the Maine farms are small. In the former the land is cropped year after year and the produce sold, while in the latter it is mostly consumed on the farm. Clover and other grasses, which abound in phosphates, do not grow at the south, and therefore the little manure they have is deficient in phosphorus; while with us, the manure from the horse-stable and cow-pen is highly charged with it. The after-growth and stubble of our mowing fields, which annually decays upon the ground, returns a pretty good dressing of phosphorus or phosphoric acid. And beside, in Maine, we dress all our cultivated fields with manure charged with all the inorganic elements of the crops we cultivate. I must, therefore, dissent from your opinion that it would be good policy for the farmers in Maine to buy bone dust and sulphuric acid to enrich their land. (2.) They had better, in my opinion, expend the money in collecting, preserving, and composting the droppings of their domestic animals.

A GLENBURG FARMER.

NOTE. (1.) Not exactly plaster but a mixture of plaster with a large portion of phosphate of lime, or rather bi-phosphate of lime, as chemists call it.

(2.) Our opinion that it is good policy for farmers to purchase bone dust to enrich their land, is based upon the expressed or implied fact that the land was deficient in that substance. We would not advise a man to purchase a great cost and put on, when he has already two or three on his back; nor go to the tavern and buy a dinner when he has just filled his stomach at his own table, and has plenty more food in his larder. If his land contains enough of any material, it is not necessary to add any more. In regard to phosphate of lime, it requires but a comparatively small quantity per acre to supply what would be taken up by a single crop of wheat. Whether more should or should not be added, depends upon the amount of means which the farmer has to spare to procure the supply. In the case of Mr. Johnson, who has abundance of means, he probably thought his money as profitably invested, in the way he did invest it, as it would have been in many other kinds of stock.

As for its "being a wasteful expenditure," the result does not warrant that expression. It is true that this instance is an extra one, and like one swallow, as an indicator of summer, should not be considered as an unerring guide; nor, at the same time, should it be considered, as our friend would seem to intimate, as a dangerous precedent to follow.

Our friend reasons correctly respecting the difference in the condition and mode of cropping the soil in the Southern States and in Maine. We hold on, as firmly as he does, to the good old mode of using barn yard manure, as it is called. But at the same time, we would make use of every other substance that could be economically beneficial to crops. Save bones, use bones, use bones and every thing else that will feed and sustain your crops profitably—also the same time look well to your stables for manure. Cromwell once said to his soldiers, when going into battle, Trust in God, but keep your powder dry; and in the same style of reasoning, while we rely on Providence for aid, we would say, Trust in chemistry, but don't forget your barn yard manure.

Ed.

NORTH AROOSTOOK AG. AND HORT. SOCIETY.

Awards of Premiums.

ON MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.—B. Cummings, Chairman. The Committee award the first premium on Woolen Dress Pattern, to Mrs. J. S. Averill; 2d, to Mrs. C. H. Ellis; On Woolen Shawl, 1st, Mrs. J. H. Haines; 2d, Mrs. H. Stevens; On Twilled Cloth, 1st, Mrs. H. Stevens; 2d, Mrs. J. Hopkins; On Table Linen, Mrs. C. H. Ellis; On Hearth Rug, 1st, 2d, Mrs. J. A. Allen; 3d, Mrs. H. Stevens; On Flannel, 1st, Mrs. C. H. Ellis; 2d, Mrs. F. Ellis; On Worsted Yarn, 1st, Mrs. C. H. Ellis; 2d, Mrs. B. Pratt; On Woolen Yarn, Mrs. J. S. Averill; On Half Hose, six pairs, Mrs. J. Ellis; On Worsted Hose, 1st, Mrs. C. H. Ellis; 2d, Mrs. B. Pratt; On Edging, Mrs. J. A. Allen; On Work Pocket, Mrs. C. H. Ellis.

ON CROPS.—H. Stevens, John Allen, J. T. Goss, J. Bean, Committee. Two acres of corn, winter wheat—on by Jabez Trask and one by Winslow Hall. The samples were first rated. The first premium on winter wheat we award to Jabez Trask. It will be seen by his statement that he raised something more than twenty-two bushels to the acre. We award the second premium on winter wheat to Winslow Hall, of Letter H. The first premium on spring wheat we award to John Allen, of Letter G. It will be seen by his statement that he raised from one acre thirty-seven bushels of White hard wheat. The second premium on spring wheat is awarded to Hiram Stevens, of Letter D. It will be seen by his statement that he raised thirty-five bushels of White hard wheat on one acre. The first premium on spring oats we award to Jabez Trask, and the first premium on ruta bagas to Hiram Stevens.

ON BEEF.—B. Rackliff, H. C. Cunnery, Jabez Trask, Committee. The first premium on best improved three year old bull is awarded to J. W. Haines; 2d, to John Allen; On best bull, Hiram Stevens; On one year old bull, Jabez Trask; On bull calf, 1st, James Eastler; 2d, J. W. Haines; 3d, Jabez Trask.

ON COWS AND HEIFERS.—Freeman Ellis, Chairman. The first premium on stock cow is awarded to J. W. Haines; 2d, to Jabez Trask; 3d, to James Eastler. The 1st premium on milk cows, to Jabez Trask; 2d, to Joseph Blake; 3d, to John Smith. On three year old heifers, 1st premium, to E. S. Fowler; 2d, to E. W. Dibble; 3d, to Jabez Trask. 1st premium, to E. S. Fowler; 2d, to Jabez Trask. On one year old heifers, 1st premium, to John Smith; 2d, to Hiram Stevens; 3d, to E. S. Fowler. On two year old heifers, 1st premium, to E. S. Fowler; 2d, to Jabez Trask. On three year old cows, 1st premium, to John Smith; 2d, to E. S. Fowler; 3d, to Jabez Trask. On two year old cows, 1st premium, to John Smith; 2d, to E. S. Fowler; 3d, to Jabez Trask.

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ON SWINE.—Chairman. On best

hour, to John T. Goss. On best breeding sow, to John T. Goss. On best six pigs, to S. E. Phipps, Chairman. First premium on iron bound cart wheels, to Hiram Stevens. For best ox-yoke, to H. C. Currier. BUTTER AND CHEESE.—R. D. Eastman, Chairman. First premium on butter, to Mrs. Hiram Stevens; 2d, to Mrs. J. W. Haines; 3d, to Mrs. E. S. Fowler; 4th, to Mrs. John Allen. First premium on cheese, to Mrs. S. Whitney; 2d, to Mrs. J. Hopkins; 3d, to Mrs. W. Hall.

B. CUMMINGS, Cor. Secretary.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GOOD HUSBANDRY.

MR. EDITOR:—It is generally admitted among the most intelligent and discriminating, that improvement in farming is pre-eminently calculated to advance the public prosperity. It has been said that public opinion is very much at fault in reference to this important subject. When some great object arouses the attention of the people, we find that the public mind is often wrought up to a feverish excitement. Prominent men are seen to step forward and avow their sentiments in a most emphatic manner. This is all well enough, perhaps. It has been said that zeal in a good cause is always commendable. But we think that agriculture has not received so much of the public attention as some other objects far inferior in point of utility. Whether we shall witness a better state of things remains for time to determine.

Prejudice still says that all efforts with a view to make improvements in agriculture are unavailing; that agricultural papers are *rabuluses*, and that science can be of no possible service to the farmer. Now that our agriculture may be rendered highly lucrative and prosperous is a certain fact—it is no phantom. The people should not be wanting in light, intelligence or practical skill. It would be well if a series of measures could be devised or a system adopted and so calculated that what is learned by one farmer, whether the knowledge acquired be theoretical or practical, should be for the benefit of the whole; but we should come as near to facts as possible, as false or unfounded theories, if not corrected, must be rather injurious in their effects.

There is a right way in conducting every operation upon the farm, and if only a single agriculturist strike upon the best methods of management, we can see no reason why the whole mass of our farmers should not be benefited by the example. We are not, however, to suppose that absolute perfection can be reached in farming. Agriculture as a science or as an art is capable of improvement to an indefinite extent.

It is generally held to be a fact that every man should understand his business, whatever may be his occupation. It has been said that without the right kind of knowledge, the merchant or the manufacturer can scarcely expect to be successful. It is doubly important that the farmer should be well skilled in his business, inasmuch as the advancement of every interest depends mainly upon his success. Some political economists have spoken of the evils resulting from an unequal distribution of property in a nation, and it is clear enough that no other cause can operate so powerfully to obviate the evils referred to than a prosperous and spirited agriculture. We should not lead men possessing immense landed property, but who should rather talk of virtuous, intelligent farmers, confined to moderately sized farms.

If it be admitted that the moral health and political well being of our great and powerful Republic must depend, in all coming time, upon the condition of our agriculture, who among the many millions that inhabit our country would not rejoice, should the General Government and each of the State Governments employ the most vigorous measures, with a view to advance the farming interest?

JOHN E. ROLFE.

Rumford, Feb., 1852.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

WINTER WHEAT. MR. EDITOR:—With your leave I will say a few words about winter wheat. All considerate people, who regard the prosperity of our good State, are highly pleased with the great and growing interest in the culture of this valuable and indispensable article of bread stuff, the purchase of which greatly impoverishes the whole State, and which is caused wholly by the inattention of the producing class. It is true, our soil is hard, summer short, and climate severe; but, with proper management, we can raise more than a supply. And this article, judging from the returns of last year, can be raised in surplus. We need not go upon any thing like the scale of the Western States. The first and great object should be to stop the importation of breadstuffs, and the exportation of our cash and cash means. To accomplish this, every farmer should produce enough for himself and his neighbors. The first year, he should produce for himself and his neighbors. The first year, he should produce for himself and his neighbors. The first year, he should produce for himself and his neighbors.

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ON CROPS.—H. Stevens, John Allen, J. T. Goss, J. Bean, Committee. Two acres of corn, winter wheat—on by Jabez Trask and one by Winslow Hall. The samples were first rated. The first premium on winter wheat we award to Jabez Trask. It will be seen by his statement that he raised something more than twenty-two bushels to the acre. We award the second premium on winter wheat to Winslow Hall, of Letter H. The first premium on spring wheat we award to John Allen, of Letter G. It will be seen by his statement that he raised from one acre thirty-seven bushels of White hard wheat. The second premium on spring wheat is awarded to Hiram Stevens, of Letter D. It will be seen by his statement that he raised thirty-five bushels of White hard wheat on one acre. The first premium on spring oats we award to Jabez Trask, and the first premium on ruta bagas to Hiram Stevens.

ON BEEF.—B. Rackliff, H. C. Cunnery, Jabez Trask, Committee. The first premium on best improved three year old bull is awarded to J. W. Haines; 2d, to John Allen; On best bull, Hiram Stevens; On one year old bull, Jabez Trask; On bull calf, 1st, James Eastler; 2d, J. W. Haines; 3d, Jabez Trask.

ON COWS AND HEIFERS.—Freeman Ellis, Chairman. The first premium on stock cow is awarded to J. W. Haines; 2d, to Jabez Trask; 3d, to James Eastler. The 1st premium on milk cows, to Jabez Trask; 2d, to Joseph Blake; 3d, to John Smith. On three year old heifers, 1st premium, to E. S. Fowler; 2d, to E. W. Dibble; 3d, to Jabez Trask. 1st premium, to E. S. Fowler; 2d, to Jabez Trask. On one year old heifers, 1st premium, to John Smith; 2d, to Hiram Stevens; 3d, to E. S. Fowler. On two year old heifers, 1st premium, to E. S. Fowler; 2d, to Jabez Trask. On three year old cows, 1st premium, to John Smith; 2d, to E. S. Fowler; 3d, to Jabez Trask. On two year old cows, 1st premium, to John Smith; 2d, to E. S. Fowler; 3d, to Jabez Trask.

ON OXEN AND STEERS.—A. Rackliff, Chairman. On working oxen, 1st premium, to J. W. Haines; 2d, to E. W. Dibble; 3d, to Cyrus Pomroy. On three year old steers, 1st premium, to John Smith; 2d, to E. S. Fowler; 3d, to Jabez Trask. On two year old steers, 1st premium, to A. Rackliff; 2d, to J. W. Haines. On yearling steers, 1st premium to S. B. Patten; 2d, to J. W. Haines. On steer calves, to J. W. Haines.

ON SWINE.—Chairman. On best

hour, to John T. Goss. On best breeding sow, to John T. Goss. On best six pigs, to S. E. Phipps, Chairman. First premium on iron bound cart wheels, to Hiram Stevens. For best ox-yoke, to H. C. Currier. BUTTER AND CHEESE.—R. D. Eastman, Chairman. First premium on butter, to Mrs. Hiram Stevens; 2d, to Mrs. J. W. Haines; 3d, to Mrs. E. S. Fowler; 4th, to Mrs. John Allen. First premium on cheese, to Mrs. S. Whitney; 2d, to Mrs. J. Hopkins; 3d, to Mrs. W. Hall.

B. CUMMINGS, Cor. Secretary.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GOOD HUSBANDRY.

MR. EDITOR:—It is generally admitted among the most intelligent and discriminating, that improvement in farming is pre-eminently calculated to advance the public prosperity. It has been said that public opinion is very much at fault in reference to this important subject. When some great object arouses the attention of the people, we find that the public mind is often wrought up to a feverish excitement. Prominent men are seen to step forward and avow their sentiments in a most emphatic manner. This is all well enough, perhaps. It has been said that zeal in a good cause is always commendable. But we think that agriculture has not received so much of the public attention as some other objects far inferior in point of utility. Whether we shall witness a better state of things remains for time to determine.

Prejudice still says that all efforts with a view to make improvements in agriculture are unavailing; that agricultural papers are *rabuluses*, and that science can be of no possible service to the farmer. Now that our agriculture may be rendered highly lucrative and prosperous is a certain fact—it is no phantom. The people should not be wanting in light, intelligence or practical skill. It would be well if a series of measures could be devised or a system adopted and so calculated that what is learned by one farmer, whether the knowledge acquired be theoretical or practical, should be for the benefit of the whole; but we should come as near to facts as possible, as false or unfounded theories, if not corrected, must be rather injurious in their effects.

There is a right way in conducting every operation upon the farm, and if only a single agriculturist strike upon the best methods of management, we can see no reason why the whole mass of our farmers should not be benefited by the example. We are not, however, to suppose that absolute perfection can be reached in farming. Agriculture as a science or as an art is capable of improvement to an indefinite extent.

It is generally held to be a fact that every man should understand his business, whatever may be his occupation. It has been said that without the right kind of knowledge, the merchant or the manufacturer can scarcely expect to be successful. It is doubly important that the farmer should be well skilled in his business, inasmuch as the advancement of every interest depends mainly upon his success. Some political economists have spoken of the evils resulting from an unequal distribution of property in a nation, and it is clear enough that no other cause can operate so powerfully to obviate the evils referred to than a prosperous and spirited agriculture. We should not lead men possessing immense landed property, but who should rather talk of virtuous, intelligent farmers, confined to moderately sized farms.

If it be admitted that the moral health and political well being of our great and powerful Republic must depend, in all coming time, upon the condition of our agriculture, who among the many millions that inhabit our country would not rejoice, should the General Government and each of the State Governments employ the most vigorous measures, with a view to advance the farming interest?

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The Must.

MY BIRTH DAY.
BY THOMAS MOORE.

"My birth day!"—what a different sound
That word had in its youthful years,
How, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears.

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like passing to grow old;
And, as youth comes the shining links,
That Time around him binds in fast.

When first the dawn of life appears,
He would do all that he had done;
Ah, 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
In our birth days, speaks to me;

For otherwise, of time it tells,
Lashed swiftly, carelessly,
Of constant mockery, of talents, made
Happy for high and pure designs.

But oh, like Israel's inebriate,
Of nursing many a wrong disease;
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every mortal good away.

That crossed my pathway for his star,
All this it tells, and all it tells,
The picture perfect of an age,
With power to aid, to cheer, to ease.

The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay;
How quickly all would fade away,
All but that Freedom of the Mind.

Which had been more to wealth to me;
Those friends and friends in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchanged;
And that dear home, that saving ark,

Where love's true light at last I found,
Cheering within, with all I've found,
And comfort and story 'round!

From Sartain's Magazine.

HOME HAPPINESS.

"Let not happy children be disturbed and grieved."
[Frederick William III, of Prussia.]
The influence of home happiness on the young, is
a protection against sin in future life.

Make bright the hearth where children throng
In innocence and glee,
With smiles of love—the carolled song—
The spirit's harmony.

The beautiful spots, the cheeks that flush,
The mother's smile, the father's smile,
Nor let the staidest father blush
His merry boy to bless.

For, far above the vale of life,
Where he is lost shall cheer the strife
And gladden the clouds of care.

If midnight storms and breakers roar,
His treasured spell shall be
A lighthouse 'mid the rocking shore,
The star of memory.

Shall warm him, when the siren's wiles
His faltering feet entice,
Make bright the lonely childhood smiles,
To keep the soul from vice.

RECORDING ANGELS.

There are two angels that attend us
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action, closes
His volume, and reads the record to God.

The other keeps his record day by day
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line across the page.

[Longfellow.]

The Story-Teller.

THE TWO WIDOWS.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The following story, the simple and domestic
incidents of which may be deemed scarcely worth
relating, after such a lapse of time, awakened a
degree of interest, a hundred years ago, in a
principal report of the Bay of Massachusetts.

The rainy twilight of an autumn day; a parlor on
the second floor of a small house, plainly furnished,
as becometh the middle circumstances of its in-
habitants, yet decorated with little curiosities from
bygone sea, and a few delicate specimens of In-
dian manufacture—these are the only particulars

to be premised in regard to scenes and season. Two
young and comely women sat together by the fire
side, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows.

They were the recent brides of two brothers,
a sailor and a landman, and two successive days
had brought tidings of the death of each, by the
chances of Canadian warfare and the tempestuous
Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by
this bereavement, drew numerous condoling
guests to the habitation of the widowed sisters.

Several, among whom was the minister, had re-
mained till the verge of evening; when, one by
one, whispering may comfortable passages of
Scripture, they were answered by more abundant
tears, they took their leave and departed to their
own happier homes. The mourners, though not
insensible to the kindness of their friends, had
yearned to be left alone. United as they had been,
by the relationship of the living, and now more
closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if
without consolation her grief admitted, was to
be found in the bosom of the other. They joined
their hearts, and wept together silently. But
after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sis-
ters, all of whose emotions were influenced by
her mild, quiet, yet not feeble character, began
to recollect the precepts of resignation and en-
durance which piety had taught her, when she
did not think to need them. Her misfortunes,
besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease
to interfere with her regular course of duties;
accordingly, having placed the table before her,
and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand
of her companion.

"Come, dearest sister, you have not eaten a
 morsel to-day," she said. "Aren't I pray you,
and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided
for us."

Her sister-in-law was of a lively and irritable
temperament, and the first pang of her sorrow
had been expressed by shrieks and passionate
lamentations. She now shrunk from Mary's
words, like a wounded sufferer from a hand that
revives the throbs.

"There is no blessing for me, neither will I
ask it," cried Margaret, with a fresh burst of
tears. "Would it were my will that I might never
taste food more!"

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expres-
sions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and
by degrees, Mary succeeded in bringing her sis-
ter's mind nearer to the situation of her own.

The storm was over and the moon was up; it
shone upon broken clouds above, and below upon
houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes
of the fallen rain, curling with silver beneath the
quick enchantment of a breeze. A young man
in a sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out from
the sea, stood alone under the window. Mary
recognized him as one whose livelihood was
gained by short voyages along the coast; nor
did she forget that previous to her marriage he
had been an unsuccessful wooer of her own.

"What do you seek here, Stephen?" she said.
"Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you,"
answered the rejected lover. "You must know
that I got home ten minutes ago, and the first
thing my mother told me about was your hus-
band. So, without saying a word to the old wo-
man, I clapped on my hat and ran out of the

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

house. I couldn't have slept a wink before
speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old
times."

"Stephen, I thought better of you!" exclaimed
the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to
close the lattice, for she was no whit inclined to
initiate the first wife of Zedek.

"But stop and hear my story out," cried the
young sailor. "I tell you I spoke a big yes-
terday afternoon, bound in from old England—
And who do you think I saw on deck, well and
hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months
ago?"

Mary leaned from the window, but could not
speak.

"Why, it was your husband himself," con-
tinued the generous seaman. "He and three others
saved themselves on a spar when the vessel tumbled
bottom upwards. The big will beat into the wind
by daylight, with this wind, and you'll see
him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I
bring to you, Mary, so good night."

He hurried away, while Mary watched him
with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed
stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the
shade of the houses, or emerged from the broad
streets of moonlight. Gradually, however, a
flood of conviction swelled into his heart, in
strength enough to overwhelm her had it increase
been more. Her first impulse was to arouse her
sister-in-law, and communicate the new born
gladness. She opened the chamber door, which
had been closed in the course of the night, though
not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was
about to lay her hand on the slumberer's shoulder.

But then she remembered that Margaret
would awake to thoughts of death and weep,
rendered not the less bitter by the contrast with
her own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp
to fall upon the unconscious form of the bereaved
one. Margaret lay in quiet sleep, and the
drapery was displaced around her; her young
cheek was rosy tinted, and lips half opened in
a smile; an expression of joy, debauched its
passage by her sealed eyelids, struggled forth
like incense from the whole countenance.

"My poor sister, you will awaken too soon
from that happy dream," thought Mary.

Before retiring, she set down the lamp and en-
deavored to arrange the bed-clothes so that the
chill air might do no harm to the feverish slum-
berer. But her hand trembled against Margaret's
neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she
suddenly awoke. Their mutual joy was
made known and they wept in each other's arms.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"Buy my matches—oh! do buy them, sir,"
said a plaintive voice.

The person addressed, clad in a heavy over-
coat, was breathing the sharp wind of a Decem-
ber day; his throat was muffled up, leaving only
a portion of his face discernible, but his dress
bespoke one in comfortable circumstances.

"I don't want your matches, lad," said he.
"But do buy them—six boxes for a shilling."
"Get out of the way," said the man sharply,
for the lad half stopped the path.

"Oh! do buy some," said the boy, detaining
him by the skirt of his coat. "Mother is sick,
and I've had nothing to eat to-day. Do buy a
box's worth."

The man hesitated. The natural impulses of
his heart were for good; but he was one accus-
tomed to think the world worse than it was.

"Pshaw!" he said, "that is the old story;
get out of the way, you young scamp, or I'll
have you arrested."

The boy meekly drew back, but a tear froze
on his cheek in that bitter blast, though the rich
man saw it not, for he hurried on.

It was getting late, and the streets would have
been pitch dark, but for the lamps which, at long
intervals, lit up the night. Few were abroad in
that wintry weather, and the boy stood shiver-
ing at his post for a long while before a second
passenger came by. Poor fellow! he was thin
lipped, and his lips were blue with cold; yet he
kept his station, vainly offering his matches, but
finding no buyers.

Ten o'clock struck, and with the tears falling
fast, he turned his footsteps towards the cellar in
which he had lived. He had been out all day
and sold nothing, nor had a morsel of food cross-
ed his mouth since the night before. But he
thought more of his sick mother than of himself.

His little capital had been exhausted in the
purchase of his matches, and they had not a cent
remaining. He paused, for at that instant the
light from a baker's shop streamed across the
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The Kentucky Forger in Texas.
It is related of an unfortunate man, Martin
Brown—who was once a prominent member of
the Kentucky Legislature, but was confined in
the penitentiary for forgery—that when he first
settled in Texas the inhabitants were determined
to drive him out of Austin's settlement of San
Felipe, because he had been a convict. Austin
himself had forbidden such persons to settle on
his ground, and the colonial law passed by him
was most strict, prohibiting an asylum to refugees
and all persons rendered infamous by felonies,
of whatever description they might be—a law which
the father of Texas always enforced with the ut-
most rigor. Hence, as soon as the settlers in-
formed the General of this new case, he immedi-
ately despatched an order, warning Brown to de-
camp within three days, on pain of summary pun-
ishment. The messenger was Wm. S. Austin's
private Secretary, a young man of cultivated
intellect, a noble heart, and generous to a
fault. He arrived at the Green Heart Grove, the
residence of Brown and his family, one summer
noon, and found the family circle formed around
their frugal table. It was their dinner hour—
S. Austin forthwith delivered Austin's written or-
der, which Brown glanced over and then said
mournfully:

"Tell Gen. Austin that I shall never move
from this spot till I move into my grave. It is
true, I committed a great crime in my native
State; but I also suffered the severe penalty of
the offended law, and then, with my dear wife
and children, who still love me, I stole away from
the eyes of society, which I no longer wish to
serve or injure, to live in quiet and die in peace.
I am ready and willing to die; but on my fam-
ily's account I cannot and will not leave this
spot."

His wife and daughters implored him to change
his resolution. They avowed their willingness
again to undergo the toils and privations of emi-
gration, and, if necessary, to prepare a new home
in the wilderness. But prayers and entreaties
were all in vain. To every argument Martin
Brown gave the same answer, in a calm, sad
voice:

"I chose my place of burial the first day I set
eyes on my little grove, and I shall not change
my mind now."

—returned, deeply touched with the
scene he had witnessed, led to Gen. Austin
the singular case of facts, and interceded argu-
ing for a relaxation of the law, which rested in
the discretion of the colonial chief.

"You have suffered yourself to be smitten by
the charms of the beautiful Emma," said Gen.
Austin, with a smile.

S. tried to look indignant, which effort
resulted in a burning blush. "I will go and see
Martin myself," added the Gen., "but he will
have to make out a strong case to alter my determination."

When Austin arrived in the evening at his des-
tination, the family of the grove were almost
distracted with grief. Brown's countenance alone
was its old mask of marble tranquility. His
story told Gen. Austin was simple as it was
brief.

"It is true," he said, "I was in the penitentiary
of Kentucky," but I was in the legislature before
I was in the State Prison, and while a member
of the Senate opposed with all my might the
manufacture of so many banks. Those banks
soon afterwards beggared thousands, and among
the rest me and my children. I was then tempt-
ed, in order to save my family, to perpetrate a
forgery, or to do that on a small scale which
Austin and his banks had so long been doing on
a large one. I paid the forfeit of my crime—
While the grand swindlers rolled in splendid af-
luence, I pined alone in the felon's dungeon.

Having served out my time, I resolved never
again to commit a wrong. I have kept my vow
and have now but one sole desire, to be left alone
or die."

Gen. Austin did let the old man alone, and
ceased the order for his banishment, and was over
after his steadfast friend.

S. Austin, the private Secretary, made other
visits to the Green Heart Grove, and the beau-
tiful Emma is now the wife of an eminent law-
yer, and a "bright particular star" of fashion's
sphere at Galveston.

Martin died at last in peace, and was buried in
his beloved grove, at his special request, in a
most fitting manner, standing erect in full hus-
band's costume, with his right hand raised toward
heaven, and his loaded rifle on his left shoulder.

His biography proves a great truth, one which
all the tones of human history proclaim, as well
the warning cry of a million trumpets, "That the
crimes of Governments never fail to produce their
counterparts in the vices of their individual sub-
jects."

Said Deacon Grant, "I am told, Mr. Paine,
that you are becoming a terrible hard drinker."
"Not a bit," cried Paine, "not a bit—no more
ever drank easier."

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BY JANE WEAVER.

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eyes on my little grove, and I shall not change
my mind now."

—returned, deeply touched with the
scene he had witnessed, led to Gen. Austin
the singular case of facts, and interceded argu-
ing for a relaxation of the law, which rested in
the discretion of the colonial chief.

"You have suffered yourself to be smitten by
the charms of the beautiful Emma," said Gen.
Austin, with a smile.

S. tried to look indignant, which effort
resulted in a burning blush. "I will go and see
Martin myself," added the Gen., "but he will
have to make out a strong case to alter my determination."

When Austin arrived in the evening at his des-
tination, the family of the grove were almost
distracted with grief. Brown's countenance alone
was its old mask of marble tranquility. His
story told Gen. Austin was simple as it was
brief.

"It is true," he said, "I was in the penitentiary
of Kentucky," but I was in the legislature before
I was in the State Prison, and while a member
of the Senate opposed with all my might the
manufacture of so many banks. Those banks
soon afterwards beggared thousands, and among
the rest me and my children. I was then tempt-
ed, in order to save my family, to perpetrate a
forgery, or to do that on a small scale which
Austin and his banks had so long been doing on
a large one. I paid the forfeit of my crime—
While the grand swindlers rolled in splendid af-
luence, I pined alone in the felon's dungeon.

Having served out my time, I resolved never
again to commit a wrong. I have kept my vow
and have now but one sole desire, to be left alone
or die."

Gen. Austin did let the old man alone, and
ceased the order for his banishment, and was over
after his steadfast friend.

S. Austin, the private Secretary, made other
visits to the Green Heart Grove, and the beau-
tiful Emma is now the wife of an eminent law-
yer, and a "bright particular star" of fashion's
sphere at Galveston.

Martin died at last in peace, and was buried in
his beloved grove, at his special request, in a
most fitting manner, standing erect in full hus-
band's costume, with his right hand raised toward
heaven, and his loaded rifle on his left shoulder.

His biography proves a great truth, one which
all the tones of human history proclaim, as well
the warning cry of a million trumpets, "That the
crimes of Governments never fail to produce their
counterparts in the vices of their individual sub-
jects."

Said Deacon Grant, "I am told, Mr. Paine,
that you are becoming a terrible hard drinker."
"Not a bit," cried Paine, "not a bit—no more
ever drank easier."

Sabbath Reading.

From the Barnstable Patriot.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

When twilight preclaims the day,
When fades the dreary night away,
And Nature rises from her rest,
And Earth appears in daylight dress,
Each voice, daily, and with hurried pace,
Seem perfumed with the breath of praise—
How sweet, ere comes each daily care,
To spend the morning hour in prayer!

When Sabbath comes whose chiming bell
Rings sweetly o'er our hill and dell,
We listen, enraptured to the peal,
And hark aspirational feel,
And seem anxious to catch the strains
So pure, that come from Bethlehem's plains—
And then, with glad men gathered there,
We meet within the house of prayer.

When hopes are dim and hearts are sad,
When Earth in darkness seems clad,
And friends are snatched by death away
To slumber 'neath the churchyard clay,
Or keen misfortune's chilling dart
Shall blanch the cheek and pierce the heart—
Our Savior will our sorrow share,
If we will go to him in prayer.

When we're no hope of rest in Heaven,
No consciousness of sins forgiven,
No lack of hope in which to glide
Securely down Life's fatal tide—
Or lamp to light the gloomy house
From which no traveler can return—
Then Jesus will our burden bear,
If we will seek his aid in prayer.

When twilight falls from Earth away,
When night succeeds the dying day,
And nature moans her weary strain
With softening airs and breezes—
Altho' then heaviest thought assails,
To that "bright scene where spirits dwell"—
To that "bright scene where spirits dwell"—
How welcome then the hour of prayer!

Of when I pass Death's chilling stream,
I'd go with daylight's falling beam,
Or when the morning opens her eyes
And gleans her beauty in the skies—
Or when the Sabbath's magic spell
Shall chain me in devotion's spell—
We'll pass away on wings of prayer.

For the Farmer.

SLANDER—A REMEDY.

Slander may be considered as a besetting sin
with some, who apparently think it will raise
themselves in the estimation of others, to tell
of all the faults and failings of their neighbors,
and in doing so they not infrequently magnify them,
and often several fold. Few persons, however
upright and honest their intentions, but who may
at times make some small mistake either in ex-
pression or otherwise, and when greatly magni-
fied and put into circulation, often detract from
the reputation of the most worthy.

Were those who indulge in robbing their
neighbor of a good name, to reflect that it may
be a greater crime, in the sight of Him who is
the Judge of all, than it would be to steal their
gold and silver, (for it is said, in Scripture, a
good name is preferable to either,) it might be an
inducement to be more charitable, and to adopt
the conclusion that it would be profitable to them
of our own faults and loss of our neighbors.

Would those who do not mean to countenance
tale-bearing and detraction, on every suitable oc-
casion, plead the cause of the accused, reminding
the accuser that there are always two sides to a
story, and that it is ungenerous to judge without
hearing both; and the need there is of exercising
caution, and striving to do as we would have
others do to us, plainly giving them to under-
stand that we are not disposed to listen to any
thing like calumny, we need not fear of being
troubled with a repetition of the foul breath of
slander from the same individual.

LOSSES BY RELIGION.

Near London there dwelt an aged couple. In
early life they had been poor; but the husband
became a Christian, and God blessed their indus-
try, and they were living in a comfortable retire-
ment, when one day a stranger called on them to
ask their subscription to a charity. The old lady
had less religion than her husband, and still han-
dled after some of the Sabbath earnings and easy
shillings which Thomas had forfeited for regard
to the law of God. So when the visitor asked
their contributions she interposed, and said—
"Why, sir, we have lost a deal by religion since
we first began; by husband knows that very well.
Have we not, Thomas?"

After a solemn pause, Thomas answered—
"Yes, Mary, we have. Before I got religion,
Mary, I had an old slouched hat, a tattered coat,
and mended shoes and stockings; but I have lost
them long ago. And, Mary, you know that,
poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk
and quarreling with you; and that you know I
have lost. And then I had a burdensome conscience
and a wicked heart, and ten thousand guilty
feels; but all are lost, completely lost, and like a
millstone, cast into the deepest sea. And Mary,
you have been a loser, too, though not so great
a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary,
you had a washing tray, in which you washed
for hire; but since then you have lost your wash-
ing tray. And you had a gown and a bonnet
much the worse for wear; but you have lost them
long ago. And you had many an aching heart
concerning me at times; but these you happily
have lost. And I could even wish you had lost
as much as I have lost; for what we lose for
religion will be an everlasting gain."

The inventory of losses by religion runs thus:
a bad character; a guilty conscience; a trouble-
some temper; sundry evil habits, and a set of
evil companions.

The inventory of blessings gained by religion
includes all that is worth having in time and
eternity. [American Messenger.]

CHRISTIANS SHOULD NOT INDULGE ANGER.

There is a carelessness with some in regard to
the minor offenses against christian character. If
they do nothing that offends the Church, and lays
them liable to discipline, they imagine themselves
getting on pretty well. One writer compares the
Christian's character to polished steel. It may
be tarnished and have its lustre destroyed by
large spots of rust, or by an assemblage of small
ones. Some great offense is a broad spot, and
a number of imperfections make an assemblage of
spots, which destroy its brightness and beauty.

Anger is the besetting sin of many. They
make little or no effort to subdue or control their
passions. The Bible declares that he who rules
his spirit is better than he who takes a city.

Why not a conqueror then? and a great con-
queror, too? How much peace is lost by letting
anger rule! How tormenting are unkind and
malevolent feelings toward others. How incon-
sistent with the Christian profession. That ex-
cellent writer, John Angel James, says—"a
sour, ill-natured Christian, is like a lamb with
a dog's head, a dove with a vulture's beak, a rose
with leaves of nettles." Rather a bad appearing
creature.

Anger can be laid aside. Grace triumphs in
those who deny themselves. Preserve the Chris-
tian temper and spirit. So shall peace, love and
joy be felt, and others see that the good profession
that has been made, is something more than an
empty name. [News-Letter.]

More pleasing than dew-drops that sparkle
upon roses, are the tears that pity gathers upon
the cheek of beauty.

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